

# The Woman's Column.

Vol. XVI.

NEW YORK AND BOSTON, MAY 16, 1903.

No. 10.

## The Woman's Column.

Published Fortnightly at 3 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

EDITOR:

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

Subscription . . . 25 cents per annum  
Advertising Rates . . . 25 cents per line.

Entered as second class matter at the Boston, Mass.  
Post Office, Jan. 18, 1888.

### EMERSON AND NOTED WOMEN.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe contributes to the Chicago *Unity* of May 7 an interesting article on "Emerson's Relations with the Noted Women of his Time." She mentions that at first he and Margaret Fuller did not take to each other:

"She has recorded her first impressions of him in a prose composition, in which she describes a lofty palm-tree, isolated by its height, and inviting no contact with plants of lowlier growth.

"Each of these noble persons desired to become better known to the other. Neither was of the sort content to rest in superficial estimates of those with whom they were brought into relation. They soon came to a better mutual understanding, and in process of time we find them united in a cordial friendship. Their names, to this day, are mentioned together in the recital of a dialogue supposed to have taken place in full view of Fanny Elslar's dancing:

"Mr. E.—'Margaret, this is poetry!"

"M. F.—'Waldo, this is religion!"

"In the agitation of the woman suffrage question, which followed hard upon the emancipation of the colored race, Mr. Emerson took part. I have twice heard him speak on this topic, always on the side of the new enlargement. He was an honorary member of the New England Women's Club, and occasionally lent to our meetings the charm of his presence.

"His courtesy to his wife was charming. 'Queenie,' he called her, and Queenie she always remained.

"Mr. Emerson was a man of friendship, scarcely of intimacies. I recall him as always self-contained, like a perfect crystal enclosing a perfect flame. I think, on the whole, that Margaret's simile of the palm-tree was not inapplicable to him. His life throughout was uplifted and uplifting, and I imagine that his New England conscience so filled every nook and cranny of his being as to leave no room for the *desipere in loco* so dear to most. I recognized in him an eminent instance of 'the strenuous life' as applied to literary work. Yet I was at times surprised at his familiarity with light literature. If I remember rightly, his early audiences in Boston were largely composed of women. This impression is confirmed in my mind by the well-known saying of an eminent

Boston lawyer of some fifty or more years ago:

"'I can't understand the man, but my daughters do.'"

### MRS. LIVERMORE ON EMERSON.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the other day, at the final meeting of the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage Association for the season, gave a reminiscence of Emerson, showing how his rare courtesy affected even children. Mrs. Livermore said that when she was a little girl she was monitor at the Hancock School in Boston, and it was her duty to answer the door. One rainy day the bell rang, and she found at the door a tall, thin man with a dripping umbrella, who inquired for the principal. She was just at the hoydenish and disrespectful age, but there was something about this visitor which so impressed her that she led him in as politely as if he had been a prince, placed a chair for him by the fire, relieved him of his wet coat and umbrella, and after she had started to leave the room, came back to draw a fire-screen between him and the blaze, for fear he should find it too hot. She afterward expressed to her teacher some surprise at the unwonted civilities she had felt impelled to show the stranger. He answered, "Ah, that was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and that is the effect he has upon everybody. He is so courteous himself that it calls out the latent courtesy in all others."

### COLLEGE WOMEN'S LUNCH ROOM.

The new "Lunch and Food-Supply Rooms" at 50 Temple Place, Boston, are destined to meet a long-felt want, if the crowd that greeted their opening on May 12 is any sign. The two young college women, Miss Bertha Stevenson of South Carolina and Miss Frances Elliot of Canada, who have for some time carried on a successful bakery at Cambridge, have lately formed a company with the Boston Women's Educational and Industrial Union to conduct a lunch-room, and also to deliver cooked dinners, hot, at homes in any part of the city. The lunch-room was opened last Tuesday, and its success from the first was astonishing—almost alarming. From 10 A. M. onward it was besieged by crowds, mostly of women, and by 1.30 P. M. almost its whole stock of food was exhausted. The pleasant rooms were thronged. The elevator could not carry people up fast enough. Other young college women, who had come in to get their lunch and to see how their friends' enterprise was getting on, patriotically donned white aprons and added themselves to the force of waitresses, while in the back regions one or two Harvard men stripped off their coats and lent an energetic hand as impromptu aids to the dish-washers and clearers-away.

Amid the unexpected crowd, Miss Stevenson, the little South Carolinian, moved about superintending and directing, without a line of care on her brow or a strand of her pale golden hair disarranged, looking as calm as a summer moon, while Miss Elliot, at the head of her band of rosy-cheeked Canadian helpers, seemed equal to any emergency. The waitresses might get flustered, but not the principals.

There bid fair to be large profits in the new enterprise, if the food-delivery department proves to be as popular as the lunch rooms; and it ought to be more so, for Boston has hundreds of lunch rooms, but no other company for the delivery of cooked food, hot, at the homes of the consumers. The domestic-service problem will lose half its terrors when the family is no longer dependent on its cook.

### EMERSON ON CHEAP WIT.

There is no surer criterion of any person's mental and moral quality than the sort of thing that he regards as laughable. The *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia says:

A Southern Congressman tells a story in regard to the Honorable Augustus O. Bacon, U. S. Senator from Georgia, a very serious-minded statesman whose disinclination to resort to jest in debate has added to his force in national affairs.

"At the beginning of the present session," says the Congressman, "when the chairmanships of committees were being awarded, Senator Bacon's name was considered. As a Democrat he could not, of course, expect to capture any of the most coveted billets dispensed by the enemy. Nevertheless the Senators having the matter in hand graciously decided to give Senator Bacon substantial recognition.

"'Give the Senator from Georgia something worth while,' said one, 'for he is a mighty serious man.'

"Another Senator, at that, exclaimed: 'I have it! As Senator Bacon has by nature been spared a sense of humor, let's make him Chairman of the Committee on Woman Suffrage. Then we shall have a chairman who can maintain his gravity when the women come before the committee to make their annual arguments.' The appointment was unanimously made."

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "It is very cheap wit that finds it so droll that a woman should vote. . . If the wants, the passions, the vices, are allowed a full vote, at the hands of a half-brutal, intemperate population, I think it but fair that the virtues, the aspirations, should be allowed a full vote as an offset, through the purest of the people." A hundred years hence, the arguments for woman's ballot will seem no more laughable than the arguments for woman's education, which were looked upon as equally ridiculous a quarter of a century ago. The only really comical thing about the discussion is the objections of the "Autis."



## WORKING GIRLS' CLUBS.

The annual reunion in this city last week of the Massachusetts Association of Women Workers was an occasion of great interest.

At the meeting in Parker Memorial in the afternoon, Miss Edith M. Howes, the president, announced that it had been decided to admit associate members who will contribute to the work and aid by their interest the individual clubs.

Miss Emily G. Denny, the secretary, reported that there are twenty-four clubs in the State, sixteen of them being in Boston. They have a total membership of 1,100 working girls.

Representatives of clubs in New York, Pennsylvania, and Connecticut gave an account of their work. Miss Florence Sibley, of Philadelphia, told of the vacation house there, and also of the opening by the Association of a department store from which they secured \$500 for club purposes.

More than two thousand women workers of many occupations gathered in Tremont Temple in the evening. Miss O. M. E. Rowe, first vice president, presided. Miss Jean Hamilton, of Oswego, N. Y., secretary of the National League, was received with great applause. The principal address was by Edward H. Griggs, on "St. Francis of Assisi." The Massachusetts Club song, "The Work of the World," and the League song were sung by the audience, led by the combined Wellesley and Radcliffe College glee clubs.

Miss Rowe described some of the lines of activity followed by the various State Associations: In New York, an employment bureau and benefit society; in Pennsylvania a lunch-room and boarding-house at the State capital; and in Connecticut an ideal home at Madison. In Massachusetts the Association has issued a traveling portfolio, which goes from club to club with masterpieces of art; has been successful in the fight for the eight-hour day in many shops, and has aided in the effective establishment of the Consumers' League. In the public school system it has conducted an investigation to see whether or not a girl is fitted for work on graduation, and has filled out 900 schedules for the Labor Bureau at Washington, to help in making public schools what they ought to be for the girl who has to work.

She said of the clubs: "There is no place where so many types meet on the same basis of friendship. There meet the earnest, quiet women, the fun-loving ones, the women of means and leisure, and the woman who never has a dollar but what she earns by her own hand work. They all come together and interchange ideas.

"The average woman is inclined to be narrow, and to move in the same groove and with those who have the same pleasures and tastes, but in this mingling with all classes on the same footing, she becomes broad, her angles get rounded off, and many preconceived notions are knocked out of her head.

"There are a few things that you girls as wage-earners ought to remember: that our country is in advance of others on the labor question, that we have shorter

hours, more leisure and greater opportunity, but that those very things bring added responsibility. Every piece of negligence or scant work on your part makes it more difficult for women to stand equal in the same work. Your faithfulness and efficiency count as an influence upon economic industry. No one works for herself alone."

At the business meeting Miss Edith M. Howes was chosen president of the National League, with Miss Virginia Potter, of New York, as vice-president, Mrs. Sarah S. Olleshiemer as treasurer, and Miss Jean Hamilton as general secretary.

## THE MAY MEENINGS.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Withrow of Park Street Church, Mrs. Susan Fessenden, and other good speakers are expected at the annual meeting of the New England Woman Suffrage Association, to be held in Park Street Vestry on Wednesday evening, May 27. At the Festival, to be held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of the 28th, there will be a brilliant array of talent.

## THE RAJPUT WIFE.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

All in the wide Five-Waters was none like Soorj Dehu;  
To foeman who so dreadful, to friend what heart so true?

Like Indus, through the mountains came down the Muslim ranks,  
And town-walls fell before them as flooded river-banks;

But Soorj Dehu the Rajput owned neither town nor wall;  
His house the camp, his roof-tree the sky that covers all;

His seat of state the saddle; his robe a shirt of mail;  
His court a thousand Rajputs close at his stallion's tail.

Not less was Soorj a Rajah because no crown he wore  
Save the grim helm of iron with sword-marks dinted o'er;

Because he grasped no sceptre save the sharp tulwar, made  
Of steel that fell from heaven,—for 'twas Indra forged that blade!

And many a starless midnight the shout of "Soorj Dehu"  
Broke up with spear and matchlock the Muslim's "Illahu."

And many a day of battle, upon the Muslim proud  
Fell Soorj, as Indra's lightning falls from the silent cloud.

Nor ever shot nor arrow, nor spear, nor slinger's stone,  
Could pierce the mail that Neila the Ranee buckled on;

But traitor's subtle tongue-thrust through fence of steel can break,  
And Soorj was taken sleeping, whom none had ta'en awake.

Then at the noon, in durbar, swore fiercely Shureef Khan  
That Soorj should die in torment, or live a Mussulman.

But Soorj laughed lightly at him, and answered, "Work your will!  
The last breath of my body shall curse your prophet still."

With words of insult shameful, and deeds of cruel kind,  
They vexed that Rajput's body, but never moved his mind.

And one is come who sayeth, "Ho! Rajputa! Soorj is bound;  
Your lord is caged and baited by Shureef Khan, the hound.

"The Khan hath caught and chained him, like a beast, in iron cage,  
And all the camp of Islam spends on him spite and rage.

"All day the coward Muslims spend on him rage and spite;  
If ye have thought to help him, 'twere good ye go to-night."

Up sprang a hundred horsemen, flashed in each hand a sword;  
In each heart burned the gladness of dying for their lord.

Up rose each Rajput rider, and buckled on with speed  
The bridle-chain and breast-cord, and the saddle of his steed.

But unto none sad Neila gave word to mount and ride;  
Only she called the brothers of Soorj unto her side,

And said, "Take order straightway to seek this camp with me.  
If love and craft can conquer, a thousand is as three.

"If love be weak to save him, Soorj dies—and ye return,  
For where a Rajput dieth, the Rajput widows burn."

Thereat the Ranee Neila unbraided from her hair  
The pearls as great as Kashmir grapes Soorj gave his wife to wear;

And all across her bosoms—like lotus buds to see—  
She wrapped the tinselled sari of a dancing Kunchenee;

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells  
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts and dwells.

And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a queen,  
She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled mien.

Only one thing she carried no Kunchenee should bear,  
The knife between her bosoms;—ho, Shureef! have a care!

All day lay Soorj the Rajput in Shureef's iron cage,  
All day the coward Muslims spent on him spite and rage.

With bitter cruel torments, and deeds of shameful kind,  
They racked and broke his body, but could not shake his mind.

And only at the Azan, when all their worst was vain,  
They left him, like dogs slinking from a lion in his pain.

No meat nor drink they gave him through all that burning day,  
And done to death, but scornful, at twilight time he lay.

So when the gem of Shiva uprose, the shining moon,  
Soorj spake unto his spirit, "The end is coming soon.

"I would the end might hasten, could Neila only know—



What is that Nautch-girl singing, with voice  
so known and low?

"Singing beneath the cage-bars the song of  
love and fear

My Neila sang at parting!—what doth that  
Nautch-girl here?

"Whence comes she by the music of Neila's  
tender strain,  
She, in that shameless tinsel?—O Nautch-  
girl, sing again!"

"Ah, Soorj!"—so followed answer—"here  
thine own Neila stands,  
Faithful in life and death alike. Look up,  
and take my hands!"

"Speak low, lest the guard hear us;—to-  
night, if thou must die,  
Shureef shall have no triumph, but bear thee  
company."

Then the chief laid his pale lips upon the  
little palm,  
And sank down with a smile of love, his  
face all glad and calm;

And through the cage-bars Neila felt the  
brave heart stop fast.

"O Soorj!" she cried, "I follow! have pa-  
tience to the last."

She turned and went. "Who passes?"  
challenged the Mussulman.

"A Nautch-girl, I."—"What seek'st thou?"  
—"The presence of the Khan."

"Ask if the high chief-captain be pleased to  
hear me sing."

And Shureef, full of feasting, the Kunchenee  
bade bring.

Then all before the Muslims, aflame with  
lawless wine,  
Entered the Rane Neila, in grace and face  
divine;

And all before the Muslims, wagging their  
goatish chins,  
The Rajput Princess set her to the "bee-  
dance," that begins,

"If my love loved me, he should be a bee,  
I the yellow champak, love the honey of me."

All the wreathed movements danced she of  
that dance;

Not a step she slighted, not a wanton glance;

Sang the melting music, swayed the languor-  
ous limb.

Shureef's drunken heart beat—Shureef's eyes  
waxed dim.

From his finger Shureef loosed an Ormuz  
pearl—

"By the Prophet," quoth he, "'tis a winsome  
girl!"

"Take this ring, and, prithee, come and have  
thy pay.

I would hear at leisure more of such a lay."

Glared his eyes on her eyes, passing o'er the  
plain,

Glared at the tent-purdah—never glared  
again!

Never opened after unto gaze or glance  
Eyes that saw a Rajput dance a shameful  
dance;

For the kiss she gave him was his first and  
last—

Kiss of dagger, driven to his heart, and past.

At her feet he wallowed, choked with wicked  
blood;

In his breast the katar quivered where it  
stood.

At the hilt his fingers vainly, wildly, try;  
Then they stiffen feebly—die, thou slayer,  
die!

From his jewelled scabbard drew she Shu-  
reef's sword,

—Cut atwain the neck-bone of the Muslim  
lord.

Underneath the starlight,—sooth, a sight of  
dread!—

Like the Goddess Kali comes she with the  
head,

Comes to where her brothers guard their  
murdered chief.

All the camp is silent, but the night is brief.

At his feet she flings it, flings her burden  
vile;

"Soorj, I keep my promise! Brothers, build  
the pile!"

They have built it, set it, all as Rajputs do,  
From the cage of iron taken Soorj Dehu,

In the lap of Neila, seated on the pile,  
Laid his head—she radiant, like a queen the  
while.

Then the lamp is lighted, and the ghee is  
poured:

"Soorj, we burn together: O my love, my  
lord!"

In the flame and crackle dies her tender  
tongue,

Dies the Rane, truest all true wives among.

At the morn a clamor runs from tent to tent,  
Like the wild geese cackling when the day  
is spent.

"Shureef Khan lies headless! gone is Soorj  
Dehu!

And the wandering Nautch-girl, who has  
seen her, who?"

This but know the sentries; at the breath of  
dawn

Forth there fared two horsemen; by the first  
was borne

The urn of clay, the vessel that Rajputs use  
to bring

The ashes of dead kinsmen to Gungas' holy  
spring.

#### WOMEN'S POLITICAL INFLUENCE.

A number of prominent New Yorkers  
dissent from Justice Julius Mayer's re-  
cently expressed opinion that women can-  
not influence men in politics, and should  
devote their efforts wholly to influencing  
other women. Senator Chauncey M. De-  
pew was interviewed on the subject by  
the N. Y. *Evening Telegram*. He is re-  
ported to have said:

Can women influence politics? Most  
assuredly, yes. Out West they beat men  
at the polls, which is the best sort of ar-  
gument as to the effect of their influence.  
In Colorado and Wyoming and other  
Western States where women have the  
franchise, men do not dare to put up an  
undesirable candidate. Moreover, men in  
certain lines of business, like liquor-sell-  
ing, etc., do not stand the ghost of a  
chance against the feminine vote.

Mr. Norton Goddard and Borough Pres-  
ident Jacob A. Cantor also expressed  
their dissent from Justice Mayer.

#### YOUR LITERATURE.

The office of the Massachusetts Woman  
Suffrage Association at 6 Marlboro' St.,  
Boston, will be closed during July and  
August; therefore all interested in ex-  
tending the usefulness of the suffrage lit-  
erature should provide themselves before  
that time with leaflets to give away dur-  
ing the summer. These leaflets are not  
only good for distribution at meetings,  
but will help everyone to answer objec-  
tions of friends who might easily be won  
to our cause. See list in another column.  
Certain leaflets of which there are a great

many on hand will be sent for the mere  
cost of mailing, four cents per pound, se-  
lection to be made by the headquarters.

#### NOT ONE WOMAN.

The program is out for the coming  
meetings of the National Educational As-  
sociation. Among the 300 speakers on  
the general program, there is not one wo-  
man. President Eliot of Harvard made  
up the program.

#### WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

The women physicians who attended the  
meeting of the American Medical Associa-  
tion at New Orleans early this month were  
shown generous hospitality, and were  
treated with courtesy and distinction.  
Headquarters were opened for them at the  
Christian Women's Exchange, with Miss  
K. Eddins, one of the leading graduate  
nurses of the New Orleans Sanitarium  
Training School, as receiving hostess. This  
is the first time in the history of the  
Association that a woman's headquarters  
has been provided, and it proved a boon  
and comfort, besides enabling women doc-  
tors to make each other's acquaintance.

The presence of Dr. Rosa Wiss, the first  
woman ever licensed to practice medicine  
in Mississippi, was reason sufficient for  
repeating in the press the interesting  
story of how she made a beginning with  
five cents toward paying for her educa-  
tion. She bought a yard of calico, made  
a sunbonnet, and sold it for forty cents.  
Making sunbonnets was followed by rais-  
ing potatoes. In due time she paid her  
way through the Columbus Industrial In-  
stitute and College. Potatoes provided  
for her entrance to the Woman's Medical  
College in Philadelphia, and by nursing,  
restaurant work and giving quizzes, she  
made her way, graduating in 1895 with  
distinction. Returning to her home,  
Meridian, Miss., she passed the examina-  
tions before the State Medical Board, and  
hung out her shingle. She built up a  
good practice, and was courteously recog-  
nized by the fraternity. Six years later,  
when the State Medical Association met  
in Meridian, she was advised by physicians  
to apply for admission, but she declined  
to do so unless asked. The Association  
adopted a rule making women eligible,  
elected Dr. Wiss a member, and invited  
her to come and take her seat.

By a vote of 12 to 3, Alma A. Williston,  
M. D., has been appointed municipal  
physician by the town council of Phillips-  
burg, Warren County, N. J. Her rivals  
were the two former physicians, whose  
salary was \$200 a year. Dr. Williston  
will draw \$300. In addition the council  
will provide her with an automobile, and  
will allow her \$100 for medicines. She is  
said to be the first woman to be employed  
by municipal authorities in New Jersey.

The friends of the late Dr. Sarah E.  
Sherman, of Salem, Mass., have raised a  
fund of \$1,000 to sustain a ward in her  
name at the Essex County Homœopathic  
Hospital.



## IN MEMORIAM.

DR. EMILY H. J. STOWE.

It is with sorrow that we record the death of Dr. Emily Howard Jennings Stowe, the pioneer woman physician of Canada, and a life-long advocate of equal rights for women. The *Toronto Globe* says:

"In the death of Dr. Stowe, there has passed away one to whom not only Toronto but the Dominion at large owes much; for it is largely through her efforts that Canadian women enjoy many of the privileges they to-day accept so calmly as their rights.

"The world has many who see its evils, but few with the courage and perseverance to stand adverse criticism and ignorant prejudice until wrongs are righted. As, in years past, the sturdy pioneer farmers of Ontario endured hardships, as they toiled to lay the foundations of our country, so Dr. Stowe was a pioneer in the realm of thought, and it was only after much effort and many discouragements that she obtained in the recognition of the rights of her own sex a reward for her self-denial and her endurance.

"Dr. Stowe's advanced ideas and her strong literary and artistic ability were in a measure inherited, her father being Solomon Jennings of Vermont, and her mother Hannah Howard, a member of an old Rhode Island family, of noted literary ability. On the maternal side she was also connected with the Lassings, one of whom is well known as a writer of American history.

"Dr. Stowe's parents came to Canada, settling in Norwich, and there Dr. Stowe was born. She received her early education from her mother, who was herself a talented woman, and at the early age of fifteen was qualified to teach a small school near Norwich. Thence she steadily advanced until she became principal of a school in Brantford, being the first woman to hold the position. This was the first of her many successes as a pioneer worker. From this position Miss Jennings married Mr. John Stowe, an English gentleman.

"In 1865, after the birth of her three children, Mrs. Stowe, realizing the need of a physician of her own sex, decided to study medicine, something unheard of in those days. She applied to the University for permission to attend the lectures, and was referred to the Senate, from whom she received the reply that, fearing the admission of women would render the enforcement of discipline very difficult, her request would have to be refused. Mrs. Stowe's reply proved to be prophetic: 'Your Senate may refuse me entrance,' she said, 'but the time will come when you will be compelled to open your doors to women students.' Finding the doors of her own country thus barred, Mrs. Stowe went to New York, graduated in 1868, and returned to Canada to take up her work. The fees were then pitifully small, and the prejudice very bitter, but with courage undaunted and strength truly marvellous, Dr. Stowe cared for her small family, her husband being much of the time an invalid, and attended to her practice. Dr. Stowe was truly a womanly

woman, if the word be taken in its broadest sense, namely, one who is gentle and desirous of helping others; but she was also a mother in the full depth and breadth of this word. Her children were lovingly and wisely cared for and trained, and one of the sweetest tributes to a life well spent comes from her children, who have always felt that the ideal she set for them must be maintained.

"In an endeavor to educate the public mind to somewhat broader ideas along all reform lines,—for Dr. Stowe's versatility was great,—she delivered a series of lectures in Toronto, London, Woodstock, and other Canadian towns. In 1877 she organized a society which, in deference to popular prejudice, was called 'The Women's Literary Club,' but which in time, as the public mind became educated along the lines of women's rights, appeared under its true title as 'The Toronto Women's Enfranchisement Club.' In 1882, the ground having been prepared by Dr. Stowe and others, through the instrumentality of this club the Local Legislature was petitioned that the privileges of the Toronto Universities be extended to women, and in the session of 1884 and 1885 this was finally accomplished, Dr. Stowe having the proud satisfaction of seeing her daughter, Dr. Stowe-Gullen, the first woman to take a degree in medicine in Canada.

"As the pioneer woman suffragist, Dr. Stowe bore the brunt of much adverse criticism, but in sanitary arrangements in the stores and factories, seats for the shop girls, municipal suffrage, and an alleviation of the evils of the sweat-shops, we to-day are reaping the benefits of reforms this true lover of humanity was chiefly instrumental in bringing about.

"Aided by some other reform workers, Dr. Stowe was able to have women appointed to the High School Board, and in 1896, when the city was divided into wards, Dr. Stowe's daughter, Dr. Stowe-Gullen, was one of three ladies who were successful at the polls as candidates for the Public School Board.

"Dr. Stowe's mental breadth is shown by the fact that in later years she took up the subject of economics, becoming well versed in the money question and the banking system. Dr. Stowe's mental grasp was such that no subject seemed beyond her; her ideas were advanced, yet she combined the theoretical with the practical.

"Since 1893, when she met with an accident, Dr. Stowe had practically given up general practice, which had grown until at that time she had the gratification of knowing it rivalled those of some of the most prominent physicians of the opposite sex. Most of her time since then had been spent at her island home in Lake St. Joseph, Muskoka, where a practically barren island has been changed under her skilful supervision to a veritable garden, yielding fruit and flowers in abundance. This had of late years been her hobby, and she had last week already made all preparations to spend another summer in the home of her own planning, when almost without warning she was called away.

"Not only to the family circle, but to the women of Canada, will the death of

Dr. Stowe be felt as an irreparable loss, for she it was who laid the corner-stone, who did the hard and oftentimes seemingly unappreciated pioneer work for the position Canadian women hold to-day."

## THE ARIZONA VETO.

Those who do not love equal suffrage for any other reason may well love it for "the enemies it has made." The *Tucson Star*, in an article on the Governor's veto of the woman suffrage bill, points to the real power behind the throne when it says:

"The saloon and gambling element were the strongest class that urged the disapproval of the bill. It is a matter of fact that in several of the towns the petitions which went to the Governor were carried around by saloon-keepers and gamblers, and that the gamblers in Prescott, Phoenix and Tucson were betting that the Governor would veto the bill. To-night the saloons of Phoenix are the centre of rejoicing on account of the stand Governor Brodie has taken on the suffrage bill, claiming that they are on top and that the Governor is with them. As a prominent citizen said to-night: 'The gamblers and saloons win, the women lose.'

"The suffrage bill was assassinated, and, in the words of one of the leading members of the Assembly, the Governor, in order to accomplish the defeat of the bill, was forced to send in the weakest, poorest, and most disgraceful excuse under the guise of a veto that any executive ever sent back to an Arizona Legislature. The feeling in Phoenix in many quarters is that the Governor's action on the bill under all the circumstances is, to say the least, discreditable to him."

## The Woman's Journal,

Founded by Lucy Stone, 1870.

A Weekly Newspaper, published every Saturday, at 3 Park Street, BOSTON, devoted to the interests of women, and especially to equal suffrage.

EDITORS: { HENRY B. BLACKWELL,  
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.  
ASSISTANT { FLORENCE M. ADKINSON  
EDITORS: { CATHARINE WILDE.

## SUBSCRIPTION.

First year on trial to new subscribers,	\$1.50
Three months on trial	.25
Six Months	1.25
Per Annum	2.50
Single copies	.05

"The best source of information upon the woman question that I know."—*Clara Barton*.

"It is an armory of weapons to all who are battling for the rights of humanity."—*Mary A. Livermore*.

The "National Column" in the WOMAN'S JOURNAL is the official organ of the National American Woman Suffrage Association.

## TWENTY DOLLAR PREMIUM.

To any one getting up a club of 25 new yearly subscribers at \$1.50 each (who need not all live in the same town) we will pay a cash premium of TWENTY DOLLARS.

## THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL,

3 Park Street, Boston, Mass.